

Glass, Concrete and Stone

David Byrne

Now, I'm wakin' at the crack of dawn
To send a little money home from here to the moon
Is risin' like a discotheque

And now my bags are down and packed for traveling
Lookin' at happiness, keepin' my flavor fresh
Nobody knows I guess, how far I'll go, I know
So I'm leavin' at six O' clock, meet in a parkin' lot

Harriet Hendershot, sunglasses on, she waits by this
Glass and concrete and stone

It is just a house, not a home
Skin that covers me from head to toe
Except a couple tiny holes and openings
Where the city's blowin' in and out

And this is what it's all about, delightfully
Everything's possible when you're an animal
Not inconceivable, how things can change, I know
So I'm puttin' on aftershave, nothing is out of place

Gonna be on my way, try to pretend, it's not only
Glass and concrete and stone
And it's just a house, not a home
And it's glass and concrete and stone
It is just a house, not a home
And my head is fifty feet high
Let my body and soul be my guide

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